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ALPENA COUNTY
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In the City
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Hardware!

Cheaper than you ever bought it before? You can buy goods at the old store of H. G. Beach at WHOLESALE PRICES. Goods are going; if you want them call and get prices. Mr. Beach will be on hand to give you prices that cannot be met in Alpena.

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POTTER BROS.,



PRACTICAL
Hardware Dealers
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Iron Merchants.
LOOK OVER

OUR HEATING STOVES.

And you cannot help but realize the fact that never before has there been such another chance to get a genuine bargain. For Durability, for Neat Finish, Latest Styles, Heavy Casting and the PRICE, can not escape your eye.

Blankets, Camp Supplies, Axes and Cut Saws, at very low prices. We are selling COFFEE AND TEA POTTS AT COST.

POTTER BROTHERS,
Corner Second and River Streets.

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RICHARD COLLINS,
PROPRIETOR.

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GENERAL
BANKING BUSINESS.

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Detroit, Bay City & Alpena R.R.

Mail and Accommodation. Express, modulation.

North. South.

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Alpena Argus

Vol. XXIV, No. 8.

ALPENA, MICH., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1894.

Whole No. 1204.

HUMOROUS.

She—What can a woman do for amusement when she has no money? He—Go shopping.—Brooklyn Life.

Mullins—Time waits for no man. Gullins—Sometimes it does. I have a watch waiting for me at my pawnbroker's.—Syracuse Post.

"Does Miss Blank understand the game of baseball?" Harold—"Yes; she finds fault with the umpire all the time."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Jess—I've had over a dozen offers of marriage already this season. Bess—Good gracious! Who from? Jess—Jack.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Nell—What makes you think your new suitor is entirely too honest? Bella—Because he wouldn't even steal a kiss.—New York Morning Journal.

A man never looks so helpless and insignificant as when standing around a dry goods store waiting for his wife to get through trading.—Lowell Courier.

Visitor—I should think you would be afraid to give your children so much cake. Hostess—I am. Those are my next neighbor's boys.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Doctor—You must eat nothing but the plainest kind of food.—Patient—When I got your last bill, I learned that I'd have to.—New York Morning Journal.

Jack—Isn't your bathing suit rather too loud? Jess—I don't know but it is. Only yesterday I was mistaken for a bell buoy.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

It is very hard to explain the attractions of country life to a city man who has just investigated the village of a black-faced bumblebee.—Baltimore American.

"They say Spofford was badly hit by that handsome Miss Philmore the other night." "I'm not surprised. I saw her throw her eyes at him several times."—Buffalo Courier.

"Hello, Billy! Still in the patent fire extinguisher business?" "No. The fact is, Sipes, the building we were doing business in burnt down. We lost everything."—Chicago Tribune.

Josie—I was taken for 25 to-day and I am only 18. Julia—What will you be taken for when you are 25? Josie—For better or worse, I hope—Scribner's.

Figg—Why will you deal in such foolish arguments? You convince nobody but yourself. Fogg—And isn't that sufficient? I don't expect to convince people who have no sense.—Boston Transcript.

She—And is the hair dye as dangerous as the doctors say? He—Every bit. An uncle of mine once dyed his hair, and three weeks after he married a widow with three children.—Fisgeende Blatter.

Will—Why do you always carry those corks when you go to call on your fiancée? Jack—Well, you see, she lives in a flat, and I use them for stopping up the speaking tubes when I am bidding her good-night in the vestibule.—New York Herald.

Kitty—Willis Norton met a girl on the steamer and before they got to the other side, he was engaged to her. What do you think of that? Tom—It only goes to show that not all of the perils of ocean travel have been eliminated yet.—Life.

He—The landlord says we must all come to the mountains again next year. She—But I should have to break all my other engagements. He—You'd do that for me, wouldn't you? She—Oh, but this is awfully sudden.—Scribner's.

Small Boy (to grocer)—If you please, Mr. Welby, my mother wants to know if you will give her an almanac? Grocer (leaning over the counter)—But my little man, your mother does not get her groceries here. Small Boy—No, Mr. Welby, but we often borrow your wheelbarrow.

Nearman—So you've been married again, eh, Uncle Abner? Uncle Abner—Yassir. Nearman—Is she as good a woman as your first wife? Uncle Abner—Heap better, sah. Why, I codd larrup dat fust wife er mine widout haf tryin', but dis yar one begin look like she gwine larrup me befo' we git froo argyin' de hum rule kwesh'n.—Yonkers Gazette.

Babies

ought to be fat. Give the Thin Babies a chance. Give them

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, and watch them grow Fat, Chubby, Healthy, Bright. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

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Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

Out of the old INTO THE NEW.

Frank C. Holmes,
Grocer!

In his new
Stone Front
Store,
Second Street.

Next to the Masonic Block.

Heaps of
New Goods

and
Prices to Pay Buyers
to call.

COAL!

No Coal delivered until settled for.

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HARD AND SOFT COAL.

M. N. BEDFORD & CO.

CLEVELAND TO BUFFALO

VIA "C. & B. LINE."

Commencing with opening of navigation (about April 1st). Magnificent side-wheel steel steamers.

"State of Ohio" and "State of New York."

DAILY TIME TABLE.

Take the "C. & B. Line" steamers and enjoy a refreshing night's rest when en route to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Toronto, New York, Boston, Albany, 1,000 Island, or any Eastern or Canadian point.

Cheap Excursions Weekly to Niagara Falls.

Write for tourist pamphlet.

Alpena & Northern R. R.

TIME CARD.

A. M. P. M.

8:20 Lv. Alpena, Ar. 6:00

8:50 Calhoun, 5:25

9:00 Bolton, 5:15

9:40 Posen, 4:45

10:00 Hoffman, 4:34

10:10 South Rogers City, 4:13

10:30 May Lake Junction, 3:45

10:40 Ar. McPhoe, Lv. 3:40

Continued from fourth page.

answered the squire, clearing his throat.

Mrs. Stevens went out, and presently Ruth came in.

The squire fidgeted about for a while before he could make up his mind how to come at the matter.

At last he cleared his throat again, and began:

"I s'pose your mother's told you how bad I needed a housekeeper, hadn't she?"

"Yes, sir," answered Ruth, demurely.

"I thought so. Well, the long an' short of it is, I want you. If you've no objections, just say so."

"You don't mean to say you want to marry me?" cried Ruth, in astonishment.

"But I do," answered the squire, getting red in the face. That's what I've been thinkin' about all summer."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Ruth, growing redder in the face than the squire was, with her effort to keep from laughing. "I thought it was mother you wanted. Charley said so."

"He was mistaken then," said the squire, wiping his face vigorously.

"It was you. Do you s'pose your mother'd have any objections?"

"Charley would, if she wouldn't," said Ruth, blushing like a pink.

"I promised to marry him last spring."

"The dickens!" exclaimed the squire. The "dickens" was about as near swearing as anything the squire ever indulged in. "He never told me anything about it. If he had, I should not have put my foot in it in this way."

"But he said you told him he couldn't do better than get a wife like me; and he was sure you would be willing," said Ruth.

"So I did, and so I be," answered the squire. "I don't blame either one of you a bit. But, I declare, this works me up like anything. To think of my askin' you to have me, when you're engaged to my son. Don't say anything about it, will you?"

"I shall have to tell mother," said Ruth.

"Couldn't you manage to keep it from her?" persisted the squire.

"Tell her I come to see about—"

"Dear me! I don't know what you could tell her. Did you say you thought I wanted to marry her?"

"Yes, sir," answered Ruth.

"Charley thought so, too."

"Do you think she'd have me?" suggested the squire, desperately.

"I don't believe she'd say no," said Ruth.

"If she wasn't so old," said the squire, reflectively. "I'd ask her in a minute."

"Good gracious!" cried Ruth, with a merry laugh. "If you think she's too old for you, what do you suppose I must think of you for a husband. She ain't so old as you are."

"That's a fact," admitted the squire. "I see, now, that you an' I wouldn't a made the right sort of a match. You wouldn't do for an old man like me, now. You might tell your mother, if she wanted to know what I wanted of you, that I was inquirin' to know if you thought she'd have me if I should ask her to. If she'll agree to that, I'll try my luck with her."

"Agreed," answered Ruth.

"Shall I tell her you want to see her?"

"Do so, if you please," said the squire; and Ruth went out and sent her mother in.

She came in pretty soon, looking like a rose. Ruth had evidently been as good as her word.

"I've been talkin' with Ruth, an' she says she don't think you'd say no if I should ask you to have me. Would you?" inquired the squire, congratulating himself on the nice way in which matters had been adjusted so far.

"Ask me, an' I'll tell you," replied the widow, blushing redder than ever.

"Will you marry me, then?" asked the squire, fairly and squarely.

"If you'll take me with all my faults an' failin's, I'll try to do my best to make you a good wife," answered the widow.

"Good enough!" cried the squire, delightedly, and proceeded to kiss her by way of seal to the bargain.

Our Gunner's Shot.

Our noble ship lay at anchor in the Bay of Tangier, a fortified city in the extreme northwest point of Africa. The day had been extremely mild, with a gentle breeze sweeping in from the northward and westward, but toward the close of



child, by aiding Nature in preparing the system for parturition. Thereby "labor" and also the period of confinement are greatly shortened. It also promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child. During pregnancy, it prevents "morning sickness" and those distressing nervous symptoms from which so many suffer.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sir—I took your "Favorite Prescription" previous to confinement and never did so well in my life. It is only two weeks since my confinement and I am able to do my work. I feel stronger than I ever did in six weeks before.

Yours truly,
Mrs. W. C. BAKER.

A MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE.

South Bend, Pacific Co., Wash.

Dear Sir—I began taking your "Favorite Prescription" the first month of pregnancy. I did not experience the nausea or any of the ailments due to pregnancy, after I began taking your "Favorite Prescription." I was only in labor a short time, and the physician and I both were unusually well.

We think it saved me a great deal of suffering. I was troubled a great deal with leucorrhoea also, and it has done a world of good for me.

Yours truly,
Mrs. W. C. BAKER.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

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Write for the full and free Premium. We have many valuable Premiums, also a Knife, Lamp, etc., to give away. A beautiful Picture Card is in every package of Lion Coffee.

WOOLSON SPICE CO., BARN & OAK CROFT, TOLEDO, OHIO.

HUMPHREYS'

Dr. Humphrey's Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with untiring success. Every single Specific has cured the disease named, and has been tested and is in fact and deed the Sovereign Remedies of the World.

1-Fevers, Congestion, Inflammation, etc. 2-Whooping Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. 3-Tubercular, Cold, Crying, Watery, etc. 4-Diarrhoea of Children or Adults, etc. 5-Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, etc. 6-Rheumatism, Toothache, Headache, etc. 7-Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo, etc. 8-Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation, etc. 9-Suppressed or Painful Periods, etc. 10-Whites, Too Profuse Periods, etc. 11-Cramp, Laryngitis, Hoarseness, etc. 12-Salt Rheum, Scabies, Eruptions, etc. 13-Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pain, etc. 14-Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague, etc. 15-Catarrh, Indigestion, Cold in the Head, etc. 16-Whooping Cough, etc. 17-Kidney Diseases, etc. 18-Nervous Debility, etc. 19-Urinary Weakness, etc. 20-Sore Throat, Quinsy, Ulcerated Throat, etc.

SPECIFICS.

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E. C. SPENS,

Than any Other Man on Earth.

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Teas and Coffees
are
Absolutely Uniform
and of the
Highest known Quality.
We handle
These Goods
exclusively.
MONAGHAN & CO.

the afternoon the sea breeze died away, and one of those sultry, oven-like atmospheric breathings came up from the great sun-burnt Sahara.—Half an hour before sundown, the captain gave the cheering order for the boatswain to "call hands to go in a swimming," and in less than five minutes most of our tardy tars were seen leaping from the gangways, the ports, the nettings, in the bowsprit, and some of the more venturesome took their plunge from the arms of the yards.

One of the studding-sails had been lowered into the water, with its corners suspended from the main yard arm and the swinging boom, and into this most of the swimmers made their way. Among those who seemed to be enjoying the sport most highly were two of the boys, Tim Wallace and Fred Fairbanks, the latter of whom was the son of our old gunner, and in a laughing mood they started out from the studding-sail on a race.—There was a loud, ringing shout of joy upon their lips as they put off, and they darted through the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was smooth as glass, though its bosom rose in long, heavy swells that set in from the broad Atlantic.

The ship was moored with a long sweep upon both cables, and the buoy of the starboard anchor was far away on the starboard quarter, where it rose and fell with the lazy swells like a drunken man. Towards this buoy the two lads made their way, Fred Fairbanks taking the lead; but when they were within about a dozen fathoms of the buoy, Tim shot ahead and promised to win the race. The old gunner had watched the progress of his little son with a vast degree of pride, and when he saw him dropping behind, he leaped upon the poop and was just upon the point of urging him on by a shout, when a cry reached his ears that made him start as though he had been struck with a cannon ball.

"A shark! a shark!" came from the captain on the forecastle, and at the sound of these words, the men who were in the water leaped and plunged toward the ship. Right ahead, at a distance of three or four cables' length, a sharp wake was seen in the water where the back fin of the monster was visible. His course was for the boys. For a moment the poor gunner stood like one bereft of sense, but on the next he shouted at the top of his voice for his boy to turn, but the little fellow heard him not—stoutly the two swimmers strove for the goal, all unconscious of the bloody spirit that hovered so near them. Their merry laugh still rang out over the waters, and at length they both touched the buoy together.

O, what drops of agony started from the brow of the gunner.—A boat had put off, but Fairbanks knew that it could not reach his child in season, for the shark was too near its intended victims; and every moment he expected to see the monster sink from sight—then he knew that all hope would be gone. At this moment a cry reached the ship that went through every heart like a stream of scorching fire—the boys had discovered their enemy.

That cry started old Fairbanks to his senses, and quicker than thought he sprang to the quarter-deck. The guns were loaded and shot off and aft, and none knew their temper better than he. With a steady hand made strong by a sudden hope, the old gunner seized a priming-wire and pricked the cartridge of one of the quarter guns; then he took from his pocket a percussion wacker and set it in its place, and set back the hammer of the patent lock. With a giant strength the old man swayed the breech of the heavy gun to its bearing, and then seized the string of the lock, he stood back and watched for the next swell that should bring the shark within range. He had aimed the piece some distance ahead of his mark, but yet a single moment would settle his hopes or his fears.

Every breath was hushed, and every heart in that old ship was painfully still. The boat was yet some distance from the boys, while the horrible sea monster was fearfully near. Suddenly the air awoke by the roar of the heavy gun, and as the old man knew that his shot was gone, he sank back upon the combings of the hatch and buried his face in his hands, as if afraid to see the result of his own effort, for if he had failed he knew that his boy was lost.

For a moment after the report of the gun had died away upon the air, there was a dead silence; but as the dense smoke arose from the surface of the water, there was, at first, a low murmur breaking from the lips of the men—that murmur grew louder and stronger, until it swelled to joyous, deafening shout. The old gunner sprang to his feet and gazed off upon the water; and the first thing that met his view was the huge carcass of the shark floating with its white belly upmost—a mangled, lifeless mass.

In a few moments the boat reached the daring swimmers, and half dead with fright they were brought on board. The old man clasped his boy in his arms, and then, overcome by the powerful excitement, he leaned upon a gun for support.

I have seen men in all the phases of excitement and suspense; but never have I seen three hundred human beings more overcome by thrilling emotion, than on that startling moment when first we knew the effects of our gunner's shot.

Wilton—"So Penner's latest novel failed to catch the public as he expected it would. Any particular reason?" Walton—"Er—it was a detective story."—Buffalo Courier.

"Will you pass the sugar?" said the senator's wife. "Have you done much of anything else?" inquired the absent-minded statesman.—Washington Star.

The Land of Promise

In the mighty West, the land that "tickled with a hoe laughs a harvest," the El Dorado of the miner; the goal of the agricultural emigrant. While it teems with all the elements of wealth and prosperity, some of the fairest and most fruitful portions of it bear a harvest of malaria reaped in its fallowing by those unprotected by a medicinal safeguard. No one seeking or dwelling in a malarial locality is safe from the malarial fever without Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Emigrants, bear this in mind. Commercial travelers sojourning in malarial regions should carry a bottle of the Bitters in the traditional approach. Against the effects of exposure, mental or bodily overwork, damp and unwholesome food